

chase

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chase

by [luckylikeyou](#)

Summary

George flies to Texas to visit his online friend, Sapnap, who somehow convinces him to go to a haunted house together. While George is there, he finds himself being followed by a mysterious man in a white mask.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

hi it's me again... i initially planned to post this on halloween but i got too impatient LOL so here it is!

fyi none of the mentions of blood/death in this have anything to do with george or dream, so dont let that tag freak you out.

and also: george is okay with everything dream does, but some of this does have dubcon aspects (especially at the beginning of the sex scene) so please read at your own discretion!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George isn't really sure why he let Sapnap talk him into this. When he decided to come to Texas to visit his friend on the week of Halloween, he assumed they would just carve pumpkins and hand out candy to kids, maybe even watch a scary movie if George was feeling daring. But not go to a goddamn *haunted house*.

'House' may not be the correct term for this, more like a haunted mansion. According to Sapnap, this old manor from the early 1900s that has been empty for a while, and every October a company rents it to host an event inside. Sapnap told him that it's supposedly 'haunted' because there have been multiple deaths inside, but George doesn't really believe in ghosts. In each of the different rooms where there was a reported death inside, they have displays describing what occurred. And Sapnap told him that they have various actors dressed up as the victims that mysteriously perished inside the manor and they roam around the rooms and hallways trying to scare the visitors.

Despite his skepticism in actual ghosts, that doesn't mean he's not terrified of the scary actors. The ad for the event George saw online hosted a variety of spooky images showing the haunted house actors plastered with gruesome sfx makeup, and it made George shudder. Sapnap called him a scaredy-cat and George vehemently denied it, because who wouldn't shriek at the top of their lungs when someone with a ripped open face is lunging towards them?

When they arrive at the manor, George gulps. Even the exterior is intimidating, looming walls surrounded by dark trees swaying in the wind. There are quite a few people milling around the entrance, waiting to pay their fee and get the little paper bracelet taped around their wrist. George and Sapnap find their place in line and wait their turn.

"So George, are you scared?" Sapnap teases.

"No," George snaps, crossing his arms. "I just can't believe you dragged me to a haunted house."

"C'mon, it will be fun!"

George huffs. "Sorry I don't consider being screamed at and chased by people in gory makeup 'fun'."

"We can leave whenever you want, I just wanted to check it out, okay?" Sapnap says, and George

reluctantly nods in agreement.

When they reach the entrance they take a moment or two to bicker back and forth about who is paying while the poor girl running the stand gives them a withering look. Sapnap ends up paying.

When George steps inside the manor, it feels like stepping into another time period. The decor is old and elegant, with wooden paneling on the walls and various light fixtures giving off a warm yellow glow. They're standing in a foyer area, with tall vaulted ceilings and a huge chandelier just barely swaying above them. Directly in front of them is a big double staircase clad with red carpet that leads to the second floor.

It's as beautiful as it is haunting. George is sure in the daylight it would be a lovely place to walk around and tour, but at night with the dim lights and lurking shadows, George can't help but feel just a little unnerved.

He jumps when Sapnap bumps his shoulder.

"Which way you wanna go?"

George takes a look around. There are several hallways branching off the main foyer, and there's also the upstairs portion.

"I don't care, you lead the way," George says.

Sapnap shrugs and starts heading into the leftmost hallway. As they walk, George can see large oil paintings covering the walls, portraits of the old inhabitants of the manor he's assuming. In the low light their dark eyes seem to follow George as he moves. He starts to walk faster.

As he is staring at the paintings, George nearly walks into somebody. He can't contain the yelp that slips out of his mouth when in front of him he sees a young girl dressed in an older style nightgown with blood covering her face and huge gashes on her cheek and neck. Her dark hair is also matted with blood, and she gives him a blank stare with her pale white irises. She raises a weak finger and points to a portrait on the wall of a similar looking girl with dark hair.

"I used to be so pretty," she croaks out, "Now look at me."

She doesn't offer any further explanation, and just wanders right off. George takes a shuddering breath.

"Jesus, dude, you should have seen the look on your face!" Sapnap says, cackling.

"Fuck off, it's not funny. I ran into her and she was like two inches from my face covered in blood, what was I supposed to do?"

Sapnap just slaps him on the back, still laughing, and they walk into one of the rooms.

Against the wall, there is a queen sized bed lit up by various candles littering the room. George can see a huge dark red stain covering the pillowcase and most of the upper portion of the bed, some on the carpet as well. As they make their way further into the room, George notices a large cardboard display with text on it, and a black and white photograph of the young girl that was in the painting George saw.

They step closer and George can finally get a good look at the text. It's describing the gruesome murder in 1909 of a 17 year old girl who once lived in this manor. According to the display, her father had a manic psychotic episode and ended up murdering his wife and children in their sleep,

taking an axe to each of their heads. George feels even more creeped out when he remembers all the blood that was covering the actor.

“This is kinda fucked up,” George says. “I was expecting like a fake haunted house event, not a real murder house.”

“C’mon George, it adds to the character of the home!” Sapnap exclaims, which gets him a dirty look from a woman reading from the display.

The more George studies the room, the more details he notices. The music box on the girls dresser tinkling out a faint little tune, a bloodstained teddy bear lying on the bed, and an axe just barely peeking out from under the bed, glinting with a dark liquid.

George catches movement in his peripheral vision from one of the dark corners of the room. He notices a person standing there, alone. The stranger catches his eye because he’s wearing an unusual white face mask. It’s a smooth, convex oval shape covering his whole face, with holes cut out for the eyes and a crude smile drawn where the person’s mouth would be. He’s wearing early 1900s style clothing like the other actors, but in all black. He has a button up shirt with a vest over it, well fitted slacks, and a long black jacket that goes to about his mid thigh. George can see a cane in his right hand, long and thin with a silver ornamental handle on the top.

George wonders what he’s doing in here, standing in the corner alone. The other actors seemed to want to interact with the guests, sneak up behind them and make them jump, but this guy is just lurking in the shadows. George is too busy caught up in staring at this guy to notice Sapnap starting to walk out of the room.

“Hey George, you coming?”

George goes to catch up with Sapnap. He’s about to ask Sapnap if he saw that mysterious guy in the corner, but when George turns around to peer back into the room, the man is gone.

A little unnerved, George just allows himself to be dragged along by Sapnap to the next attraction.

The next room they walk into is a study of sorts, with a big desk in the center of the room and papers and books strewn around. From one of the ceiling rafters George can see a noose dangling ominously. Off to the side there is an armchair with a ghostly pale actor sitting in it with raw purple bruises circling his neck. George can hear him telling his woes to the crowd, lamenting about his tragic past and the circumstances that led to his suicide. Sapnap trails over to listen to the guy speak, but just looking at his dark bruises and sunken in face gives George the heebie jeebies. Even if he tells himself it’s only makeup, George can’t make himself walk over to him. Instead, he starts to read from the display explaining this man’s death.

“Jeez, has someone died in *every* room in this building?” George whispers to himself as he reads the text.

“Just about.”

A voice right next to George’s ear makes him jump out of his skin. He whips around to be met with the white mask of the stranger he saw minutes before.

“I’m sorry, what?” George can hardly find his voice to speak.

“I answered your question,” the man says in a smooth baritone voice. “Someone has died in just about every room in this manor.”

His voice has that traditional old-timey accent, not necessarily as dramatic as the trans-atlantic accent from the classic black and white movies, but it's still too peculiar sounding to be modern. He must have had a lot of practice.

And the mask on his face is seriously creeping George out. He can just barely see the stranger's eyes glint from behind the eyeholes, and the crudely drawn smile seems to mock him. Now that they're closer, George can tell that the man is quite a bit taller than he is, and he can see his messy dirty blonde hair that falls slightly over the top of his mask.

"Who are you?" George questions.

"A mysterious stranger," the man says, and George rolls his eyes.

"Yeah, I gathered that."

He can hear the mirth in the stranger's voice when he replies, "You can call me Dream."

Dream? A little odd, but okay. He wonders if Dream is dressed up as someone who has perished in the manor, like all the other actors, but the mask is really throwing him off. Why a white face mask with a poorly drawn smile stretched across it? George doesn't recall people from that era wearing anything quite like that.

He's about to ask Dream if he's dressed as one of the people who died when he hears a voice calling his name. George quickly whips around to see Sapnap jogging towards him.

"Hey, George, there you are. I thought you were following me the whole time, I had already left the room."

"You really forgot me?" George asks in mock-insult.

"Whatever, you're short so you're easy to miss."

George scoffs and tries to hit Sapnap, who easily dodges him. George suddenly remembers that he was in the middle of conversation with Dream, and he turns around to speak to the masked stranger again, only to find that he has disappeared just like before.

What the hell?

He silently follows Sapnap out of the room, a little spooked by Dream's second sudden disappearance.

"Hey, have you noticed the guy wearing the white face mask?" George asks hesitantly.

"No, I haven't. What, is he one of the actors?"

"I think so..." George trails off. It doesn't make him feel any better that Sapnap hadn't noticed Dream at all.

"Who knows, it could have been a ghost!" Sapnap says, teasing him.

George tries to laugh it off, but he's not sure it's convincing. Sapnap notices this and apparently decides he wants to torment George even more by saying:

"Hey George, you know the ghosts that haunt this place aren't only victims, right? There's murderer ghosts here, too."

“Fuck off, dude,” George snaps, and Sapnap laughs at him.

They visit a few of the other attractions while George tries to shake his creeped out feeling. Why did this Dream guy get him so spooked? As they make their way back to the main foyer of the manor, George can't help the way he jumps at every little random movement in the shadows.

“Are we gonna go upstairs? I think there's a library up there,” George says.

“Sure, but I gotta use the bathroom real quick,” Sapnap says. “I'll be right back, you can go ahead and go up to the library.”

George gulps. Go there alone? He swallows back his fear, putting on a brave face.

“Sure, I'll meet you upstairs,” he says, and he and Sapnap part ways.

Turning around to face the staircase, George makes his way up the red carpeted stairs. His hand runs along the sturdy wooden railing as he ascends into the upper level. When he reaches the second floor, he can see a set of double doors that presumably lead into the library. George cautiously enters.

George would consider the atmosphere to be cozy if he didn't already know the history of this place. The room has tall ceilings and dark wood walls, with a fireplace on the opposite side of the room. There are dozens and dozens of bookshelves lining every single wall, and George can see a second floor above him, a kind of mezzanine or walkway so that the bookshelves on the second floor are accessible. There's another twinkling chandelier dangling in the middle of the room above George's head.

George walks along the walls and looks at all of the old books. They're pretty dusty and ragged, obviously having been left to decay for years. He follows the walls until he reaches a staircase that leads up to the mezzanine. Carefully climbing up, he steps onto the second level.

When his gaze falls on the opposite side of the mezzanine, his heart stops. Directly across from him is Dream, leaning on the railing and watching George. His head cocks to the side when he sees that George has noticed him, and to George's horror, he slowly starts walking around to the other side of the mezzanine headed directly for him.

George quickly walks back to the staircase where he ascended and goes back down it, trying not to trip or bump into the other visitors. When he reaches the first floor of the library, he spares a glance up to see Dream quickly following after him. George's heart starts racing as he speedwalks out of the library.

When he emerges, he's not really sure where to go. To his left and right are two hallways, so in a split second decision he chooses right and goes for it. He's not necessarily running, but he's definitely going at a faster pace than the other guests' normal walking speed. This hallway is similar to the one on the first floor, with paintings covering the wall and different rooms branching off. He feels like the paintings are looking down at him with their Mona Lisa smile and laughing at him.

George turns his head to look behind him and to his horror he sees Dream's white mask standing out in the crowd, headed in his direction. George takes off further down the hallway.

His heart is beating so fast he feels like it might explode. Why Dream chasing him? He could just gather the courage to stop running, confront him and demand to know why he's antagonizing George, but something tells him he shouldn't. There's a little inkling in his brain telling him Dream

isn't just an actor.

George is so focused on getting away from Dream he doesn't even realize that he has gone past the public space and into the off limits area of the mansion. George gazes around in terror, not even sure where he's at. He had taken a random hallway, and now he's in a dark area of the mansion with absolutely no one around.

George ducks into one of the rooms and looks for a place to hide, his pulse racing. He spots a closet with the door just barely opened and runs towards it, quickly shutting himself inside.

Inside the closet it's dark and dusty, and George can just barely see light peeking through the spaces between the door and the jambs. He stays as still as he can and tries to calm his breathing.

George hears footsteps approaching the room, Dream's black dress shoes clacking against the floor.

"Oh, George," Dream calls out in a sing-song voice.

George's heart feels like it might burst out of his chest. How the fuck does Dream know his name?

"Where are you hiding?" Dream coos.

He can hear the footsteps getting closer to the closet, with the occasional sound of the tapping of Dream's cane. George almost sighs in relief when the footsteps walk past the closet, and he can hear Dream walk further away from him.

George knows if he stays in the closet Dream will inevitably find him. He needs to make a run for it or else he'll be trapped in this closet with Dream blocking the doorway and no way out.

He takes a deep breath to steel himself, and quickly slings the closet door open and sprints towards the door, finding himself back in the hallway. George suddenly realizes he doesn't know which way he came from or how to get back to the safety of the public area. George just picks a direction and runs, praying that it will be the way he came from. He can hear Dream's footsteps behind him, and he doesn't dare to spare a glance back at Dream lest he get slowed down. All the hallways look the same, and it's heavily disorienting. He doesn't know where he is or where he came from or if he's going in circles, he just keeps running in hopes he will lose Dream.

To his utmost horror, the next hallway George turns down is a dead end. He's at a loss for what to do, he can't turn around or else Dream will catch him. Instead he just runs into one of the rooms desperately searching to find somewhere to hide. The room he turns into looks like someone's bedroom. George quickly scans the room for somewhere to hide, but there's very few choices and Dream would be sure to find him in any of them.

Instead he gulps and turns around to face the doorway, where Dream is standing and blocking his exit. He's utterly terrifying, stood there with his white mask staring right at George. He glances down to the cane in Dream's right hand, and instead of using it to prop himself up, he's gripping the handle, holding it upright and brandishing it like a weapon.

"You're a fast one, aren't you?" Dream asks, his chest heaving with the exertion of chasing George down.

He stands there for a moment trying to catch his breath while Dream stalks towards him. George quickly tries to make a break for it and sidestep Dream to get to the door, but instead Dream grabs him before he can run past him and pins him up against the wall.

Dream's mask is inches from George's face, and he has George's arms pinned against the wall above his head. His right hand is still holding his cane as he tries to hold George's arm down, making his grip weaker on that hand. George takes advantage of this and wriggles his left arm out from his grasp and tries to push Dream away, but Dream is too strong, and he just holds George against the wall with his own body weight.

In his struggle, he somehow manages to knock Dream's mask askew. It dangles awkwardly for a moment before finally dropping to the floor.

Dream watches it fall to the ground, and when he finally lifts his head back up to make eye contact, George is shocked to find how attractive he actually is. It may not be the best idea to waste time ogling the person who just hunted you down, but George can't help it. His blonde hair is messy from the mask falling and his face is flushed and angry. He's handsome and terrifying at the same time.

"Little bitch," Dream curses. He takes George's hands from above his head and drags them down to his waist so that he can comfortably circle his fingers around George's wrists in a bruising grip. He takes his right hand which is still holding the cane and roughly presses the length of the cane up against George's neck horizontally.

"What do you want?" George asks in a shaky voice.

"I wanted to have some fun with you, but you're making this very difficult."

George can barely find the voice to speak. "Are you going to hurt me?"

"Not unless you want me to," Dream says, running his cane along George's neck in a deceptively gentle manner.

George wonders what he means by that until Dream slots a thigh between his legs and grinds upwards. George gasps in shock, half because he didn't expect it and half because it feels *good*.

George can barely look down due to the cane being pressed against his neck, but from what he can see he's horrified to find that he's actually *hard*, and he can feel Dream's own erection pressing against his thigh.

George tries to tell himself he's only hard because of the adrenaline that was coursing through his veins while running from Dream, but there's absolutely no denying how turned on he is right now. A choked moan falls out of his mouth whenever Dream grinds his leg up against George once more.

"You make such pretty noises," Dream whispers.

George feels like he has forgotten how to form words. He doesn't know if he wants Dream to stop or keep going.

"You were fun to chase... I enjoyed watching you run," Dream whispers like it's a secret.

George tries to muffle the moan that threatens to spill out of his throat at Dream's words. He's equally turned on as he is terrified.

Suddenly Dream drops his hold on George's wrists and retracts the cane down from his neck. He steps away from George, who is still leaning against the wall trying to calm his breathing. George sits there, confused as to why Dream just backed off. He almost misses the warmth of Dream's body pressing him against the wall.

"I'll give you a choice," Dream begins. "You can leave and run back to your little friend, and I won't stop you. You will be completely free to leave. Or..." Dream takes his cane and ever so slowly runs it down George's body, "You can stay here and let me have my fun with you."

George is shocked at how he actually finds himself conflicted at the choice. He spent the past few minutes running away from Dream afraid that he was going to get murdered like all the rest of the victims in this stupid haunted house, he should run away back to safety, back to Sapnap. Yet somehow, he has become achingly hard, and even with his brain screaming at him to run, his feet are still glued to the floor. George doesn't know what has gotten into him, but the idea of letting Dream have his way with him is getting more enticing by the minute.

"If I change my mind and say no, will you stop?" George asks timidly.

A grin spread across Dream's face, delighted by the fact that George is actually entertaining his idea.

"Of course. I'll stop whenever you want."

George takes a shaky breath. "Okay. I'll stay," he says, and Dream's smile widens.

"Lovely, now get on your knees for me."

Hesitantly, George kneels on the floor. His mind is spinning, unable to comprehend what he's actually doing right now, on his knees for a stranger that just hunted him down. He is now eye level with the very obvious erection in Dream's slacks. Dream takes his cane and presses it under George's chin, using it to tilt his head up so their eyes meet.

"Go ahead," Dream says. It sounds like he's giving permission, but George knows it's a command.

George begins undoing Dream's slacks with shaky hands. When he looks back up at Dream, he can tell that Dream is amused at his struggle. He finally gets them undone, and pushes both his slacks and underwear down just enough so that he can pull Dream's hard cock out. George hasn't given anyone a blowjob in a while, so even just looking at Dream's cock dripping with precum is enough to make his mouth water even despite the circumstances.

He takes the head of Dream's cock into his mouth and licks the precum up, listening to Dream's shaky breaths and quiet moans from above him. He slowly takes more into his mouth and savors the feeling of the weight of Dream's cock on his tongue. Dream moans when George swallows around him.

Dream gets a little impatient then, taking his hand and threading it into George's hair, pulling him down further onto his dick. George has to try his hardest not to choke, but Dream's grip on his hair is relentless. George breathes through his nose and eventually gets used to the intrusion in his throat and the bitter taste of his precum. He starts bobbing his head up and down, encouraged by the noises Dream is making above him. Spit starts to gather at the corner of George's lips and it drips down his chin, making a complete mess of himself. Dream pulls on George's hair again as he forces him down, causing his eyes to water. George reaches up and removes Dream's hand from his hair, which apparently displeases him.

Dream suddenly takes his cane and puts it around the back of George's neck, each hand gripping the length of it on both sides of George's head. He uses the leverage he has to pull the cane towards him, effectively forcing George's head further down onto his cock.

He sputters and chokes slightly, glaring up at Dream with teary eyes. Dream thankfully lets him

pull back to catch his breath, but then uses the cane to push him back down again. George lets this cycle repeat, pulling back and then being mercilessly pushed back down until he is practically deepthroating Dream.

“You feel so good, darling,” Dream praises under his breath.

His jaw is aching and his knees are sore but he just whimpers as he lets himself continue to be used by Dream. When George moans, Dream’s hips jerk and it makes George choke, but he just has to take it. It’s hot how Dream has full control over him, George just being prey to chase down and fuck. Maybe he has gone delusional because initially he was scared, but now he’s dripping in his pants.

George isn’t sure if he should ask for permission to touch himself, but he goes ahead and starts to unzip his jeans. It feels so fucking good when he finally touches himself, stroking slowly. He’s been so turned on and neglected he almost forgets that he’s supposed to be sucking Dream off and instead focuses on his own pleasure. Dream obviously doesn’t like this, and he uses the cane behind George’s neck to force him down onto his cock once more.

“Don’t forget you have a job to be doing,” he snaps.

George just whimpers and continues to bob his head, taking Dream in as far as he can go. He moans at the taste of Dream on his tongue and the rough treatment he’s receiving. The pain of his knees on the hardwood floor, the discomfort of the cane locked behind his head, and the tears springing to his eyes all has him harder than he’s ever been.

“You were so cute trying to run away from me,” Dream’s voice is breathy as he speaks between his moans. “I was so hard when I finally caught you. I just couldn’t stop thinking about what I was going to do to you.”

At Dream’s words, George lets out a loud moan muffled by the cock in his mouth. He’s so fucking turned on right now, he couldn’t stop touching himself if he tried.

George can tell Dream is getting closer. Instead of pulling George’s head down onto him, he has started moving his hips to thrust shallowly into George’s mouth. The pressure of the cane behind his neck never leaves, a constant reminder that Dream is in control of him entirely.

“You’re just adorable when you’re scared,” Dream says with a sinister smile.

George whimpers as Dream’s pace increases.

“Now, I’m going to come, and you’re going to swallow all of it,” Dream says. George planned on swallowing anyway, but even if he didn’t, the way Dream readjusts his grip on the cane behind his head makes him feel like he doesn’t really have the choice. It’s a statement, not a request. George is going to swallow his come.

Dream starts to lose the steady rhythm at which he’s fucking George’s mouth, a sign that he’s getting close. But the fact that his pace isn’t as rhythmic as it was before doesn’t mean it’s any less rough, evident by the tears pricking at George’s eyes.

“You’re so good, baby. You want me to come down your throat?” He asks, but George can’t give an answer. Dream’s breathing starts to become more ragged as he approaches his orgasm.

Suddenly, George’s mouth is filled with a warm and salty liquid. He swallows the bitter come as soon as it hits his tongue, drinking down everything Dream can give him. George can hear Dream’s broken moan from above him as he shallowly thrusts in and out of his mouth, riding out

his climax. He swallows as much as he can, trying not to let any slip out of his mouth because some submissive part of his brain doesn't want Dream to be disappointed in him.

Dream finally pulls out and George can see a string of saliva and come connecting his bottom lip to the tip of Dream's cock. George coughs as he tries to catch his breath, swallowing the remaining come coating his tongue. He takes the back of his hand and wipes the mixture of spit and come from his chin, looking up at Dream with teary eyes.

Dream lets his cane fall from his grip and drops down to his knees in front of George so that they're sitting on the floor together. George almost forgot he was trying to get himself off, instead being too focused on making Dream come. Dream pulls George's hand out of his pants and replaces it with his own hand, stroking him at a fast pace.

"You did so well, darling," Dream says. He keeps jerking him off at a relentless pace, whispering praises into his ear. "Such a perfect little toy, took whatever I gave you," he coos and George moans desperately.

A toy. That's what he was. Just prey to hunt down and then play with once it's been caught.

George never thought something like that would get him so unbearably aroused, but this entire ordeal has awakened something in him. He wants this to happen again, wants Dream to chase him and catch him and *fuck* him.

With that thought and the merciless stimulation on his cock, George finally comes.

He has to brace himself on Dream to keep himself from falling over at his orgasm. He's gasping and moaning as Dream strokes him slowly, pleasuring him until every last second. He spills his come all over Dream's hand that is still shoved into his pants. It feels so good, George starts thanking Dream as he comes down from his high.

"Thank you, thank you, feels so good," he whimpers. Dream seems amused by the sudden thanks he's receiving.

"Of course, darling," he says, taking out a handkerchief from his pocket and wiping George's come off his hand.

George's mind is dizzy while he slowly comes down from his climax. He watches Dream with blurry vision as he stands up and buttons his slacks back up, retrieving his cane from the floor where he had discarded it. He offers a hand out to George to help him stand up, which George graciously accepts. Dream even helps him button and zip up his own pants, ever the gentleman. George then notices the forgotten white mask lying on the floor a few feet away. He turns his back to Dream to walk towards the mask and pick it up.

"Hey, here's your mask, I..."

George trails off mid-sentence when he turns around and is met with a completely empty room.

"Dream?" He calls out timidly. No response.

He hesitantly walks out of the room and glances around the hallway, looking for Dream, but he's nowhere in sight. George is at a loss for where Dream could have gone. He would definitely have noticed if Dream walked out of the room, right?

But it was just like before, in the room where he first noticed Dream, he got distracted by Sapnap and then when he turned around to look back towards Dream, the man was gone. George had no

clue where he had went then, so where the fuck could he have gone now? Unless he had super light footsteps and was incredibly fast, George can't think of another way that he could have exited the room without George noticing.

He gazes around the hallway once more, trying to see if he can spot Dream hiding anywhere. No luck. George supposes it's time to try to find his way back to the entrance.

He just wanders around the mansion for a few minutes, hoping to find the way he came from. Every now and then he thinks he sees movement in the shadows, but when he looks, there's nothing there. Dream's complete disappearance has utterly baffled and spooked him.

George can hear the vague sound of chatter and conversation coming from one direction, so he moves towards the source of the sound. As he rounds the corner, he finally sees familiar surroundings. He's back near the entrance to the library, at the top of the double staircase. George is peering around the room trying to find Sapnap when a hand clamps onto his shoulder.

"Dude!" Sapnap shrieks, "Where the fuck have you been?"

George whips around to find his friend with a worried expression on his face.

"I, uh... got lost," George says lamely.

"Lost? for forty fucking minutes?" Sapnap exclaims in disbelief.

Had it really only been forty minutes? George felt like Dream had chased him for hours before finally catching him and... well.

"Ugh, I don't know, this place is huge!" George says, trying to make up a believable excuse.

Sapnap rolls his eyes. "Whatever, I'm just glad you're okay. I can't leave you alone for five minutes, can I?" He complains.

George just lets Sapnap lead him back towards the entrance of the manor. As they're walking down the staircase, Sapnap notices the mask in George's hand.

"Hey, what's that?" He asks, pointing to it.

"I found it on the floor, I think it belongs to one of the actors," George lies. "I'm going to try to turn it into that girl at the entrance, maybe she knows who it belongs to."

Sapnap just nods in agreement, and they exit through the front doors. George stops next to the girl that took their money when they initially walked in.

"Hi," George begins, and the girl looks up at him quizzically. "I found this mask while I was uh-walking around, and I think it belongs to one of your actors," he says, holding the mask out to show her. She studies it for a bit before looking back up at George.

"I'm sorry, we don't have any actors here who wear anything like that," she says, and then goes back to whatever she was doing.

George stands there for a second, letting it sink in. If Dream wasn't one of the haunted house actors, then *who the fuck was he?*

Sapnap eventually grabs his arm and drags him to the parking lot back to Sapnap's car. They climb inside and Sapnap turns on the engine, buckling his seatbelt. As he does so, he starts talking to

George, who barely registers it from beyond his own thoughts.

“I’m glad I found you, dude, I can’t believe you were lost for that long. I thought that some ghost had gotten you,” he says, laughing.

George doesn’t respond, just sits there and studies the mask in his hands for a moment. Maybe Sapnap isn’t too far off.

Chapter End Notes

ill leave it up to your imagination to decide what dream was. actor? random person?
ghost? demon? who knows

also while googling early 1900s fashion i saw a few guys with canes so i took that and
ran with it ok

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

chapter 2! definitely inspired by some comments left on the first chapter by catboygogy and shipping_trash1!! thanks to you two for the inspo, and thanks to others for the encouragement to continue this fic

this certainly got more intense than i originally planned... the tag "rough sex" is there for a reason, so keep that in mind before you read this chapter.

enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's been months, but George just can't seem to get Dream out of his head.

The rest of the time he spent with Sapnap in Texas was relatively normal. They did normal things friends would do, and George nearly forgot about Dream until he came back home. When he was with Sapnap he had something to take his mind off of what occurred, but now Dream seems to be occupying his thoughts a little too much.

George just can't stop thinking about him. His face, his voice, his clothes, the mystery behind him. He honestly has no clue who or what Dream is. A ghost? It sounds ridiculous considering George's status as a lifelong skeptic, but that's the word that keeps coming to mind. And the unexplained occurrences don't seem to help.

At least once a day George gets the feeling like someone is watching him, just to turn around and find no one there. Even the tiniest of noises or the shift of a shadow makes him jump out of his skin and it feels like there's a constant presence surrounding him. Every now and then he gets the faintest touch of what feels like a hand gliding over him or a breath in his ear, but he tries to brush it off as the wind or something. George keeps telling himself it's all in his head, but he feels like he's going crazy.

And the worst part is the fact that he really cannot stop thinking about what he and Dream did together. Recently, it seems like he can't even get off without thinking about Dream. All the old videos and imaginary scenarios aren't working for him anymore. When he touches himself, he can only think of how Dream hunted him down, pushed him to his knees and took what he pleased. When George comes, he sometimes thinks he can feel just the faintest sensation of a hand around his neck.

The white mask with the crudely drawn smile on it sits innocently on his bookshelf, haunting him both figuratively and literally.

But it's fine.

Until it's really not.

As the weeks tick by, the supposed *activity* just seems to amp up even more. Things are moved from where George last left them, cabinets are left open, random items get knocked over, and now

George is beginning to wake up with bruises on his hips and down his thighs. This should be scary, but it doesn't seem to be phasing George considering he has begun to press his fingers into the bruises every time he gets off.

What ends up tipping the scale is when he wakes up with a very faint mark around his neck in the shape of a hand.

"Yeah, real funny," George calls out to seemingly no one. He's studying himself in the mirror, wondering how he is going to cover this up. "Couldn't you have done it in a less obvious place?" He huffs. No response.

George runs his hand over the handprint across his neck, placing his own hand around his throat in the same placement as the mark. He shivers.

George logs onto his computer that night and books a flight to Texas in a week.

...

He doesn't tell Sapnap that he's going to Texas, doesn't even tell him when he lands in the Houston airport. Sapnap is the least of his worries right now, because George's mind is focused on other things, such as Dream.

Before he went on the flight, George spent some time scouring the internet for information about the manor. Much to his dismay, it seems like it's closed the majority of the year, the only exception being its use for Halloween. At the very least, he could show up to the manor, be unable to get in, leave and just surprise Sapnap and spend the day with him. Best case scenario he walks in, sees Dream, and then... Well, George hasn't really thought that far.

He's not really sure what he's expecting if he actually sees Dream again. Will they talk? Will he get an explanation? What will he even say to Dream? And if he does somehow meet Dream again in the manor, what will that lead to?

George tries not to let his mind wander into territory reserved only for late nights in the solitude of his bedroom, but he can't help it. The thought of Dream doing what he did last time is getting him riled up in the uber he's taking from the airport to his hotel. He imagines Dream chasing him down, catching him just like he did before, and then using George for his pleasure. Maybe after hunting him down, Dream would pin him to one of the random beds in the manor and take what he wanted. Maybe he would leave marks just like the ones George has been waking up with. Just the thought is enough to make George shiver.

When he arrives at the hotel, he checks in and heads into his room. He unlocks it with the keycard, shutting the door behind himself and falling on the bed. The time zones and late flights have him pretty jetlagged, and even though it's barely 11 in the morning he feels like sleeping. Maybe he can get some much needed rest before going to the manor tonight.

George slides under the covers, and quickly falls asleep.

...

His sleep is one of those completely disorienting naps where you have no idea where you are, who you are, or what year it is when you wake up. When George awakens, it's nearing sundown. He groans and runs a hand across his face, trying to ignore his pounding headache. He somehow finds the strength to slip out of bed and head into the bathroom.

George turns the shower on and steps back out to rummage through his luggage for clean clothes to

change into. Maybe after he showers he will feel less dead inside from the horrible nap.

As he's digging through his suitcase, he spots Dream's mask tucked neatly at the bottom. George isn't really sure why he took the mask with him, but when he was packing he saw it sitting on his bookshelf and shoved in his luggage just in case. When he moves to stand up, George feels a sting on his chest where his shirt is rubbing against his skin. Confused, he steps into the bathroom, pulls his shirt off over his head and looks at himself in the mirror.

"Motherfucker," he curses.

Right over the left side of his chest are red, angry scratches on his skin in the shape of a heart, mimicking the placement of his real heart. As he runs his fingers over the scratches he sucks in a breath. It *hurts*.

"You must have some fuckin' claws on you," he mutters. It stings, but he finds himself pushing a little harder on the wound. It's somewhat satisfying. Maybe George is just some kind of masochist and never knew it.

Instead of focusing on that thought, he sheds the rest of his clothes and steps in the shower. He winces at the feeling of the scalding water hitting the fresh scratches on his chest. They aren't deep enough to have drawn blood, but they definitely sting. This is the second most ballsy thing that has been done to George's body, number one being the handprint left on his neck.

George wants to hate the way that his body keeps being marked up, but he can't say that he does. As he continues to press on the stinging scratches, he can feel himself start to get aroused. George forces himself to bring his hand away and stop touching the wounds. He really doesn't want to jerk off in a hotel shower.

After he washes up, he emerges from the shower and wraps a towel around himself. When George looks up at the mirror, he is shocked to find writing on the foggy mirror. In pretty, cursive letters, the writing says:

See you tonight.

...

The uber driver gives George a weird look when he tells him the address of his destination, but George pays him no mind. When they pull up to the deserted manor, George can feel his heart start to race. He thanks the uber driver and steps out, watching the car drive away. When he turns around to face the mansion, a weight settles in his stomach.

It's exactly how it was months prior, this time just lacking the dozens of people milling around. The manor is dark, void of any light in the windows. It seems a little more scary like this, in complete darkness with no one around. The trees sway as the wind howls around them. Taking a deep breath, George walks towards the entrance.

As he reaches the door, he finds himself a little unsure of what to do. Does he knock? Realistically, there should be no one inside to let him in. The door is most likely locked by whatever groundskeeper this place has, and there's no way he's going to try to pick the lock and risk getting arrested. He already might be considered a trespasser just for coming up to the door.

George stands there and contemplates his options for a moment, and before he can make a decision, one is already made for him. A sudden sound catches his attention and he looks up to see the door unlatch and creak open just a few inches. George can feel butterflies in his stomach.

Uneasy, he pushes the door open and steps inside.

If George thought it was dark outside, it's absolutely pitch black inside. With shaky hands he takes his phone from his pocket and turns on the flashlight, shining it around. Everything looks normal, albeit empty. George can see dust particles flying around in the light. This place must have not been used at all since Halloween. He feels even more unsettled the longer he stays here in the dark. As he shines the light around he starts fearing that maybe something will come out of the shadows right towards him. George's breathing starts to become shaky, and he's nearly about to just leave when suddenly the lights flicker on.

The huge chandelier above him twinkles to life, and multiple sconces on the wall turn on and illuminate the area. It takes a second for his eyes to adjust to the sudden brightness, but when it does, his breath hitches at what he sees.

Standing at the very top of the double staircase, draped over the railing is none other than Dream with a cocky grin on his face.

"Hello, darling. I knew you would come back to see me," he says in that all too familiar voice.

George shuts off his flashlight and stuffs his phone back into his pocket. He stands there, not really sure how to respond to Dream.

"Cat got your tongue?" Dream teases.

"Have you been tormenting me these past months?" George asks, even though he knows the answer. Dream smiles and begins his descent down the staircase towards George.

"'*Tormenting*' hardly seems like the correct word," he says in a honey sweet voice, stopping to stand in front of George. "From what I saw, I thought you liked it."

"What did you see?" George asks.

"I saw everything," Dream says, moving in closer to George. "I know you liked them. The marks, I mean. I would watch you touch yourself and say my name."

George's face starts to feel hot. Sure it's true, but does he have to say it?

"What even are you?" George whispers. "How were you able to watch me all the way in England?"

"I don't think it matters what I am, George. I'm more interested in why you came back," Dream says with a sly smile.

George rolls his eyes. "Don't be stupid. You haunt me for months and don't expect me to come back and try to get some answers?"

Dream steps in even closer into his personal space, playing with George's collar and looking down at him. "I think you're here for more than just answers, darling."

George doesn't respond.

"Don't tell me I misunderstood the situation. I thought you were coming back because you wanted to have a little fun with me again, am I wrong?" Dream murmurs.

"No... you're not wrong," he says quietly, and they lose eye contact as George's gaze falls in

embarrassment.

Dream's hand comes to tilt George's head upwards so their eyes meet again.

"How about I give you a ten second head start?" Dream says with an unnerving grin on his face.

"Um, what?" George asks, confused. Dream lets go of him and steps back.

"Ten," Dream says, beginning to count in a low voice.

"Uh, Dream?"

"Nine."

When George just stands there, Dream looks at him and cocks his head.

"You'd better start running if you want a good chase," he says, then continues his countdown with "Eight."

George suddenly realizes what he meant. He's giving George a head start to run away. Adrenaline floods through his veins as he finally understands, and he takes off. George picks one of the hallways branching off the entrance area and runs. Dream's voice counting down becomes quieter as George puts as much distance between them as possible. He's running down the hallways with genuinely no idea where to go, eerily reminiscent of his experience here months prior.

In his haste, he stumbles and falls to the floor. Panting heavily, George spares a glance behind him and to his horror he can see Dream stalking towards him from the other end of the hallway. George quickly pulls himself up off the floor and sprints off again. He can vaguely hear footsteps behind him past the sound of the blood rushing in his ears. Adrenaline is flowing through his veins as he runs down the dark hallways of the mansion.

He doesn't know how long Dream has been chasing him. A couple minutes, probably, but it feels like hours. George weaves in and out of various hallways and corridors, trying to lose Dream and becoming more and more lost in the process.

Dream seems to be chasing him at his own leisure, calm and collected. George knows if he really wanted to he could sprint up to George and finally capture him, but for some reason he hasn't. He's like a predator hunting its prey, letting George run and run until he becomes exhausted. He will wear George out until he can't put up a fight anymore and then take him.

It's terrifying for George, but it's like a game for Dream. Which will happen first, George giving up from exhaustion or Dream finally catching him? It doesn't matter what happens, the outcome will be Dream having his way with George's body. George's instincts are telling him that he's being chased and hunted down, that he should be scared what will happen once the hunter finally captures him. But he knows better. He knows once Dream finally catches him, he's going to enjoy every second of what happens next.

Every hallway seems to look the same and it feels like George is going in circles. The adrenaline that was pumping through his body has started to wear off and he's feeling the effects of running nonstop for minutes. George suddenly realizes that he doesn't hear footsteps following him anymore.

He slows down to a halt, looking around the hallway. Dream is nowhere in sight. He takes a moment to catch his breath, still on edge and hyper-aware of every little noise around him. His heart is pounding rapidly at the exertion he put on his body and the fact that at any second, Dream

could show up at the end of the hallway and start chasing him again.

“Found you,” a low voice whispers from behind George.

He yelps when he feels arms circle around his body. George struggles against the hands that are gripping him and he just barely manages to break free, falling on the ground with a thud. He tries to scramble away, but the wind is knocked out of him and he can barely get to his feet. As he struggles to get up off the floor, a shoe lands on his back and shoves him back down.

“You’re not going anywhere,” Dream says in a way that makes George shudder. He tries again to get up, but the pressure on his back is unrelenting and his body is too weak to fight it.

The weight of the shoe on his back is removed, and George can feel Dream’s hand grab a fistful of his hair. He is suddenly yanked upwards by his hair, making his jaw drop open in a gasp. He reaches up to try and remove Dream’s hand from his hair, but the grip becomes tighter and George is pulled to his feet. He wriggles in Dream’s grasp, trying to escape, which seems to anger Dream even more.

“Dream, you’re hurting me!” George protests in a pathetic voice.

“If you would stop fucking struggling maybe I wouldn’t have to hurt you,” he snaps. Dream then begins to drag George by his hair into a nearby room, George stumbling all the while.

The room they enter looks like a bedroom. A large bed is positioned against the far wall with a canopy draped above it. There are huge plush pillows and a soft looking bedspread, but George doesn’t get a chance to appreciate the comfort of the bed with the way he is roughly shoved onto the mattress.

Dream has let go of his hair but George can still feel the throbbing in his scalp. His body is weak and bone-tired, and he’s still a little out of breath from being knocked to the floor. He wants to say that he hates the rough treatment, but the tent in his pants says otherwise.

George is sprawled on the mattress watching Dream stand at the edge of the bed and look down at him. Dream’s hair is messy, his face is flushed, and his chest is heaving. The expression he has on his face is one of triumph, a leering smile on his lips. It feels like a monster is looming over George about to eat him up.

“You can’t run away now,” Dream says, running his hands down George’s body appreciatively. “All mine.”

George lets Dream feel him up, too weary to try to escape. It feels good, his hands touching George’s thighs, stomach, chest, and just barely grazing over his crotch. He wants to be touched more.

“So pretty,” Dream murmurs. “Strip for me.”

George hesitantly sits up and toes his shoes off. He pulls his pants off and hooks his fingers in the waistband of his underwear, looking up at Dream. Dream gives him a nod and he slides those off too. Finally, he pulls his shirt off over his head and a grin crosses Dream’s face.

“Did you like my present?” Dream asks. George is unsure what he means until Dream takes a hand and ghosts it across the heart-shaped scratches on George’s chest. Before he can get the chance to respond, Dream pushes his fingers on the scratches, hard. A moan that he tries to hold back spills out of George’s mouth.

“You like the pain, don’t you?” Dream says with a cocky smirk on his face.

George nods.

“I want to hear you say it,” Dream commands. “Tell me you like it when I hurt you.”

George swallows hard, trying to find the voice to speak.

“I like it when you hurt me,” he whispers.

Dream nods in approval, and begins to undo his clothes. He’s wearing quite a few more layers than George, so it takes him a while as he stands there and watches George while slowly slipping off his jacket, undoing his vest and button up, and pushing down his slacks and underwear.

Before tossing all of his clothes on the floor, he reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a small bottle. It’s a weird kind of glass vial filled with a clear gooey substance, and as George stares at it he realizes it’s lube. A little old fashioned packaging, but lube nonetheless.

“I thought about not even using that,” Dream says nonchalantly, climbing on the bed next to George. “You would probably like it, hm? Me fucking you dry? Making it hurt?”

Realistically, George knows being fucked dry would definitely be a horrible idea and more painful than pleasurable, and he would never let it happen. But in fantasy and with the way Dream phrased it, it has him so turned on. Dream was right when he made George say it, he likes the pain.

Dream pushes George back against the pile of pillows, sliding in between his legs. He grazes his hand over the barely there bruises on George’s thighs, pressing his fingers into them.

“Almost faded, how unfortunate,” he says with a sigh. “I’ll have to leave a few more.”

George wants him to leave more than ‘a few’. He wants to go home completely wrecked, covered in marks, fucked up and limping from Dream taking him apart. Only then will he be satisfied.

Dream pushes George’s legs apart, grabbing the vial of lube and pouring some out onto his fingers. He positions his fingers, but before pushing in, he looks up at George.

“Ready, darling?” He asks, waiting for confirmation.

George nods and shoves his hips back desperately.

Dream doesn’t waste time and begins to slowly push his forefinger inside. George lets out a soft noise of content, wiggling around trying to get Dream to move. Dream’s finger slides in and out, getting George used to the intrusion. He doesn’t wait long to insert a second finger alongside his pointer finger.

George moans at this one, feeling the stretch. He needs more.

“Another,” he pleads.

“Already? I’ve barely just put the second one in,” Dream teases.

“I need it.”

Dream complies, pushing in a third lubed up finger. George can really feel the stretch now, and the lack of time in between the addition of fingers has him feeling the pain, but it’s so, so good. Dream’s fingers reach so much deeper than his own, touching him and stretching him in ways he

never could achieve himself. George is barely able to hold back the moans that keep falling from his lips.

“You like this,” Dream says, rather a statement than a question. “I bet you were thinking about this the whole time you were running. Just wondering what I was going to do to you once I finally caught you, am I right?”

George whimpers and mumbles an “uh-huh”. The movement of Dream’s fingers never cease, it only seems to gain more speed as he dirty talks George.

“You’ve been thinking about this for weeks, huh, darling? Thinking about me touching you like this?”

“Yes, yes, please,” George begs.

“You know, I’ve been thinking about you too,” Dream whispers, his fingers still moving and stretching George out. “I’ve been planning how I was going to hunt you down, wear you out until you’re too exhausted to escape and finally pin you down and *fuck* you.”

Dream’s words send hot arousal coursing through George’s body. Holy hell, is Dream good at guessing the exact thoughts that turn George on the most.

George lets out a gasp and a moan when Dream’s fingers touch him in just the right spot. Dream grins and begins mercilessly massaging George’s prostate, watching George fall apart underneath him. George is thankful this place is empty right now or else everyone would be hearing his loud moans echo off the walls incessantly.

“Dream, please fuck me, please,” George pleads in between the noises being wrenched from his throat. Dream pulls his fingers out of George, causing him to whimper at the empty feeling.

“Inside, inside now,” George demands, barely able to make coherent sentences.

Dream’s eyes narrow at him. “You’re not in the position to be making demands, darling. I’m in control here.”

“I don’t fucking care, fuck me now.”

George hears a crack echo in the room before he even registers what happened.

Dream had just slapped him across the face. His hand is raised and George can feel a burning on his cheek from the impact. If George didn’t think he could get any more aroused tonight, he was definitely proven wrong in this moment.

Dream has a pissed off look on his face as he lowers his hand.

“Don’t tell me what to do,” he growls. “I’ll fuck you, but don’t think you’ll get off so easy next time.”

George nods meekly, cheek still stinging. He watches in silence as Dream picks up the lube bottle again, pouring some out and coating himself with it. George grimaces as he watches Dream wipe the excess lube off his hand on the bedspread. At least it isn’t his bed.

Dream shuffles forward and slots himself between George’s thighs, pushing them open with excessive force. George really hopes he will leave more bruises. He places his hand on George’s hip to keep him still and takes his other hand to grip his cock, positioning it at George’s entrance.

He slowly starts to push in.

George wants to throw his head back in pleasure, but right now he is enjoying watching Dream's face. His eyebrows are furrowed and his mouth is slightly open in a silent moan as he slides inside. His face and chest are flushed and the veins on his hands are popping out as he grips George's hips tightly. Dream groans when he finally pushes in all the way, his pelvis flush against George.

"Move, please," George asks quietly, not forgetting to be polite this time.

Dream begins to thrust in and out slowly, trying to get George used to the fullness. George pushes his hips back against Dream trying to get him to go faster. He complies and starts to move faster, making George moan.

Dream leans over George and essentially cages him in, pinning his arms down to the bed. He rocks into George over and over, even pushing him up the bed a little bit with the force of it.

"You're so good," Dream praises. "Can't believe I finally have you underneath me. I've got you held down, nowhere to go, no chance of escape even if you wanted to. All mine."

Dream suddenly presses their lips together, and George realizes this is the first time they've kissed. It's more sensual than it is romantic, mouths molding together, slick with saliva. George is moaning into Dream's mouth with every roll of his hips. Dream detaches his lips from George's, instead beginning to kiss down his jawline, wet and sloppy. He trails the kisses onto his neck where he begins to suck and bite, making George tremble. Dream sucks a few hickies onto his neck, thoroughly working the skin in his mouth to make sure these marks won't be going away for a while.

"Dream," George says in a hoarse voice. "Go harder, please. I want to feel it."

A little smirk appears on Dream's face. He sits back up, grabbing one of George's legs to wrap around his waist. He fucks into George with more vigor, not holding himself back. George is bouncing up the mattress at Dream's merciless pace, his hands wringing up the fabric of the bedspread beneath him.

"Want to feel it, hm? Want to feel me for the next week? Every time you move you'll be sore, remembering exactly what I did to you here."

George's voice breaks on a loud moan when Dream reaches down between them and grabs George's cock, stroking him in time with his thrusts. It feels so fucking good, George can barely handle the constant stimulation of Dream's hand touching him and his cock fucking him. It's so, so good.

Dream takes the hand that's not stroking George and begins to run his fingernails down George's torso. He's trembling as it starts out with gentle, feather-light touches which slowly get rougher and harder until Dream is leaving angry red scratches down his stomach and thighs. What with the hickies, bruises, sore hips, and now scratches, George knows once this night is over his body will have been completely used up and wrecked. But that's exactly what he wants.

"Hit me," George suddenly blurts out.

Dream's pace slows just a little and he looks at him with a raised eyebrow.

"Slap my face again."

"Are you sure?" Dream asks.

"I'm begging you," George whimpers desperately. "I want you to fuck me up."

When Dream raises his hand and brings it down hard on his face, George nearly comes on the spot. The pain is so fucking *good*. Combined with the pleasure of being fucked, George doesn't think he will last much longer.

"Again," he pleads, and Dream delivers with another rough slap. The loud smack that bounces off the walls is like music to his ears. George can feel his orgasm rapidly approaching.

"Please, Dream, can I come?" He begs.

Dream nods and begins thrusting into him with vigor. He rapidly jerks George off, trying to bring him to climax. The thing that finally sends George over the edge is when Dream leans down and bites down hard on his chest, right where he left the heart earlier.

Multiple broken moans slip out of George's mouth as he comes. Dream slowly strokes him as come spills out, milking him through his orgasm. George has to lie there for a good minute to catch his breath, still coming down from his high.

He's so caught up in his own orgasm, he forgets that Dream has still yet to come. George's eyes fly open when Dream starts his pace back up again, thrusting in and out at a rapid pace.

"It's too much," George protests, trying to push him away. Dream pays him no mind, still fucking him hard as he chases his climax. George complains again as Dream overstimulates him, but Dream doesn't seem to care, just holding him down so he's immobilized.

"I caught you, so I get to have my fun until I'm finished with you," Dream says through labored breaths. The more George tries to push him off, the faster he fucks him.

Finally, Dream comes. His hips stutter and his mouth falls open in a drawn out moan as he comes inside of George. He rocks his hips shallowly as he rides out his orgasm, filling George up with everything he has. It should be gross, but George fucking loves it. This is like the cherry on top, Dream has completely wrecked George and now he's finally coming inside of George, reminding him who owns him, who fucked him this well.

Dream pulls out and collapses next to George.

"You alright?" Dream asks.

George wants to respond, but he barely has it in himself to move. His cheek is stinging, his neck is covered in hickeys, he has scratches and bruises littering his torso and thighs, and his voice is hoarse from moaning. Dream really fucked him up good.

"Mhm," George hums, his eyelids starting to feel heavy. He barely registers Dream saying something to him but before he can reply, he's already drifting to sleep.

...

George's whole body feels wrecked whenever he wakes up the next morning. He nearly forgets where he is or what happened until the memories of last night start flooding back. He groans and rolls over on the bed. To his surprise, he feels a blanket covering his body. Last night he just immediately fell asleep, so Dream must have covered him up while he was resting.

George's eyes crack open and he can see sunlight streaming in through the tall windows. He sits up and sees Dream sitting at the foot of the bed, watching him. While George is completely naked

under the covers, Dream is completely clothed once again.

“Good morning,” George says in a gravelly voice.

“Good morning. Sleep well?” Dream asks.

“After what you did to me I'm surprised I didn't sleep for 24 hours straight,” George says, rubbing his eyes.

Dream laughs at his words. “I’m glad you woke up, darling.”

George shouldn’t feel embarrassed after everything that happened last night, but the pet name attached to the soft words makes his face flush.

“I should uh, probably get dressed,” George says, crawling out of the bed. Dream watches him quietly as he picks up his forgotten clothes off the ground and pulls them back on (with much difficulty considering the limp he has).

When George is finally completely dressed once again, Dream walks over to him. He takes George’s chin in his hand, tilting his head up to look at him.

“I had fun last night,” Dream says.

“Me too,” George responds, but ‘fun’ would probably be considered an understatement.

Dream suddenly leans down and presses a gentle kiss to George’s lips, leaning back and looking him in the eye.

“Until next time, then,” Dream whispers.

When George blinks, he’s gone.

...

When George hops in the uber that came to pick him up from the manor, the driver does a double take looking at him. George knows he obviously looks like he just got his shit rocked, but he can’t really find it in himself to care.

As George takes the car ride back to his hotel, he can vaguely feel the sensation of hands gently running across his body. He smiles.

Both of them know that George won't be forgetting Dream any time soon.

Chapter End Notes

reminder: this is fanfiction! always practice safe sex and make sure kinks are discussed beforehand.

edit: i know i mentioned in some previous comments that i might continue this, but i think i have decided that i will leave it at two chapters. i appreciate the interest though :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!